

# Echoes of a Wandering Heart

**A Recursive Rhyme Anthology**

**Adelana Victor**

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***Other books by the Author:***

Poetry:

- Trinity Poetry - A New Form of Expression

## **Dedication**

To the hearts that wander,  
To hearts that seeks to feel in realms unseen.

## **Introduction: A New Rhythm is Born.**

There are forms in poetry that make us pause, reflect, and marvel—haikus, sonnets, free verse, villanelles. Each has its own beauty, a rhythm that captures the essence of thought and emotion. But every once in a while, a new pattern emerges from deep within the soul of a poet. A rhythm that writes itself into being.

Recursive Rhyme is one such rhythm. It began as a poetic experiment, a play on words. But it quickly grew into something more—a structure that binds thoughts, feelings, and words in a seamless loop of reflection and flow.

At its heart, Recursive Rhyme (also known as Reverse Echo Rhyme) is simple yet profound: the last word of one-line rhymes with the first word of the next. This creates an echo that links each thought with the next, forming a chain of sound and sense that feels both musical and meaningful.

## **Rhyme Scheme Explained**

Recursive Rhyme follows a cascading rhyme scheme:

XA

AX

XB

BX

XC

CX ...

- **X** represents the non-rhyming part of the line.

- **A, B, C**, etc. are rhyming words, shared between the end of one line and the start of the next.

This repetition forms a kind of poetic recursion—a loop where each line carries forward the echo of the last

### **Example Poem: What if**

What if—

If tomorrow comes and the sun forsakes it raise

Raise no more like it used to bring light upon all

All that lives under it ever glazing gaze

Gaze that has now ceased to exist

Exist now only in our memories

***An excerpt.***





## **Faces We Wear**

We all wear faces not our own  
Own them like costumes in daylight  
Daylight hides nothing, yet we pretend  
Pretense becomes habit, habit becomes Identity

Identity lost in layers of protection  
Protection from judgment, from truth  
Truth we bury beneath smiles  
Smiles that ache behind the eyes

Eyes that scream louder than lips  
Lips stitched tight by fear  
Fear of being seen—truly seen

## Vanity

All there be, is vanity.  
Vanity is all we ever lust over  
Over our sanity we place vanishing desires  
Desires of a gluttonous beast  
Beast seeking possession of all things shining  
  
Shining things that rust with time  
Time that mocks the mirrors we worship  
Worship built on borrowed dust  
Dust we breathe in place of truth  
Truth traded for taste and applause  
  
Applause that fades into hollow echoes  
Echoes that remind us we are small  
Small gods in gilded cages  
Cages we locked from the inside  
Inside, still empty... despite it all

## City of God

City of God where the holies live  
Live for eternity, nothing left to give  
Eternity calls on me  
Me! But will I make it to there  
There where the holies are

Are my sins too loud to be forgiven?  
Forgiven by fire or by mercy driven?  
Driven through life by shadows and grace  
Grace that slips like sand through my hands  
Hands that built altars, but also broke men

Men like me—flawed, yet reaching  
Reaching for gates I've only seen in dreams  
Dreams wrapped in golden hymns and light  
Light that blinds but also guides  
Guides me home, if I'm worthy still

## **The Pilgrim's Curse**

He set out with fire in his chest  
Chest heavy with dreams not his own  
Own nothing but the will to arrive  
Arrive where purpose waits like a god

God that never answers prayers  
Prayers he learned in his mother's tongue  
Tongue tied by colonial hymns  
Hymns that hollowed his language

Language he wore like borrowed cloth  
Cloth soaked in shame and pride alike  
Alike, the roads he walked had names  
Names not written by his ancestors

Ancestors who pointed left  
Left while the world said right  
Right was paved in golden lies  
Lies dressed as light, as truth

Truth, he found, was not a destination  
Destination was the illusion  
Illusion of becoming by shedding  
Shedding skin till nothing was left

Left with only echoes  
Echoes of songs he couldn't finish  
Finish meant forgetting  
Forgetting meant freedom  
Freedom came with forgetting himself

And so he walked on  
On feet blistered by faith  
Faith that perhaps he'd return  
Return with gold in his soul  
But he returned with silence

Silence that told stories  
Stories no altar could carry  
For the curse of the pilgrim  
Is not that he walked  
But that he no longer belongs

## Dreams and Gold

Are my dreams just dreams?  
Dreams are all I have to my name  
Name they say, if good, is better than gold  
Gold is needed to bring my dreams to life  
Life that kneels at the feet of fortune

Fortune, not favor, opens doors  
Doors that dreams alone cannot unlock  
Unlock nothing without the weight of worth  
Worth measured not in passion, but price  
Price that silences the poor man's vision

Vision that keeps me wide awake  
Awake but still caged in longing  
Longing not just to dream, but to do  
Do what my heart dares whisper  
Whisper—maybe dreams *can* be enough

## **Echoes Don't Die**

They say the dead are gone  
Gone but never truly forgotten  
Forgotten only by time's impatience  
Impatience that buries names in dust  
Dust that holds both kings and beggars

Beggars of legacy still whisper  
Whisper into the ears of tomorrow  
Tomorrow, a child might say your name  
Name carved not in stone but soul  
Soul is where echoes don't die

## **Fleeting Love**

Love is a fleeting emotion  
Emotion never to be understood  
Understood under no circumstances  
Circumstances shift like shadows  
Shadows that kiss but never stay

Stay, but not for long  
Long enough to make you hope  
Hope that it might be real  
Real until it isn't anymore  
Anymore, it slips between fingers

Fingers that once traced promises  
Promises whispered into fragile nights  
Nights filled with borrowed warmth  
Warmth that burns when it's gone  
Gone, like it was never here



## **We Go to War for Peace**

We go to war for peace  
Peace that never truly comes  
Comes drenched in blood and silence  
Silence that haunts the victors' minds  
Minds burdened with the cost of winning

Winning, yet everything feels lost  
Lost in the rubble of reason  
Reason drowned by marching boots  
Boots that crush both guilt and ground  
Ground that drinks the tears of the innocent

Innocent turned into enemies by fear  
Fear that shapes flags and triggers  
Triggers pulled in the name of peace  
Peace that demands another sacrifice  
Sacrifice we still pretend is worth it

## Empty Altars

Empty altars gather dust  
Dust where incense once danced in the air  
Air once thick with prayer, now thin with doubt  
Doubt sits where faith once stood firm

Firm were the feet of our forefathers  
Forefathers who bowed not just to gods,  
Gods of stone, wood, or sky,  
Sky-bound deities tied to the soil beneath their feet

Feet now march toward glowing screens  
Screens that teach us to forget  
Forget the names of ancestors whispered at dawn  
Dawn rituals replaced by dopamine scrolls

Scrolls turned scriptures now lie untouched  
Untouched not because they failed  
Failed, no—but because we moved on too fast  
Fast toward freedom, yet lost in the void

Void where culture withers in silence  
Silence mistaken for evolution  
Evolution without roots becomes erasure  
Erasure of who we were, and why

Why build temples we won't tend?  
Tend the sacred only when convenient  
Convenience is the new religion  
Religion of comfort, loud but hollow

Hollow altars may still echo  
Echo a question we all must answer:

***What did we sacrifice in the name of progress?***

## Garden of Eden

The garden where all things seemed perfect  
Perfect—no need for worry  
Worrying over clothing, food, shelter  
Shelter was the sky, the trees, the Creator's gaze  
Gaze that carried no judgment, only presence

Presence that filled the silence with peace  
Peace not earned, but simply given  
Given before shame knew our names  
Names that meant something pure, unbroken  
Unbroken until desire found a voice

Voice that questioned what *more* could be  
Be still, the whisper said, but we reached  
Reached past what was ours for the taking  
Taking knowledge, we traded ease for burden  
Burden we carry... still searching for that garden

## Dear Girl Child

Dear girl child,  
Child, your pride isn't for sale  
Sale signs belong to things, not souls  
Souls like yours are priceless light  
Light meant to shine, not be dimmed

Dimmed by hands that confuse power with pain  
Pain is not the price of love  
Love never demands your silence  
Silence should never be your cage  
Cage no dream within your chest

Chest proud, chin raised to the sky  
Sky that watches queens become  
Become everything they were told they couldn't  
Couldn't be tamed, you are wild and worthy  
Worthy of more than this world gives freely

## **The Boogeyman**

The boogeyman comes for all  
All, every single one on his list, like a thief in the night  
Night that hides his steps and seals your sight  
Sight stolen before you even scream  
Scream stuck in throat, thick like a dream

Dream of shadows dancing on walls  
Walls that whisper secrets through cracks  
Cracks in your courage start to spread  
Spread like cold across your skin  
Skin that tingles when he draws near

Near, you sense him—heart turns stone  
Stone silence louder than broken bones  
Bones he gathers like trophies unseen  
Unseen, unheard, but never unfelt  
Felt in the fear you can't explain

Explain why your light flickers then dies  
Dies like the hope in a child's eyes  
Eyes wide open, but no escape plan  
Plan all you want...

## **Pride Be Our Fall**

Pride be our fall  
Fall from grace  
Grace that speaks on our behalf  
Behalf undeserved but freely given  
Given, yet we still boast in self

Self that swells with fleeting glory  
Glory not built on truth, but ego  
Ego that blinds the soul's eye  
Eye too proud to see the edge  
Edge we walk, thinking we fly

Fly till the weight of pride pulls us down  
Down to where we swore we'd never be  
Be warned—every throne can crumble  
Crumble like dust beneath time's feet  
Feet of fate don't tread softly

## Inheritance

They left us more than names  
Names carved in silence and debt  
Debt not always in money,  
But in covenant made before we were born

Born into legacies we didn't choose  
Choose to carry weight like it's honor  
Honor tied to suffering, like a badge  
Badge that says "You are one of us now"

Now we eat from old traditions  
Traditions that fed our ancestors  
Ancestors who smiled through pain  
Pain we still chew in every proverb

Proverbs say, "What you inherit, you protect"  
Protect what, if it cages you?  
You can't grow wings from chains  
Chains passed down like family heirlooms

Heirlooms rust with time  
Time doesn't clean what isn't acknowledged  
Acknowledgment is a rebellion  
Rebellion we stage with poems and questions

Questions like—what is worth keeping?  
Keeping the songs, yes. The spirit, yes.  
But the silence? The fear?  
No. Let that die with them



Them, who meant well but broke us anyway  
Anyway, we rise  
Rise not to erase the past  
Past we rise to rewrite our part in it

## Noise

I cut through the noise of the modern world  
World that knows not where it's heading  
Heading for certain in a direction of destruction  
Destruction that will bring an end to modest generations  
Generations born into apathy, raised on distraction

Distraction is the new doctrine  
Doctrine dressed in gold and screens  
Screens that blink but never see  
See how we scroll past burning truths  
Truths we've traded for comfort and speed

Speeding toward our silent undoing  
Undoing what the past tried to build  
Build nothing, feel everything, do less  
Less is all this numb age knows  
Knows not what is coming.

## **Boundless Yet Bound**

I am free, but bound  
Bound by the very breath I take  
Take away my chains, I still carry  
Carry the weight of every expectation

Expectation that calls my name  
Name given at birth, yet never mine  
Mine is the dream unspoken,  
Unspoken because it's been suffocated

Suffocated by laws that are invisible  
Invisible, yet they cling so tight  
Tight to the soul, tight to the skin  
Skin that longs for air

Air that I can't taste until I'm free  
Free, but bound by the very breath I take

## **Beauty of Struggle**

I never pray it be easy,  
Easy life is what we work towards every day  
Every day I pray for strength to carry on  
Carry on the burden and responsibility to be a man  
A man that holds the family together in crisis

Crisis that shaketh the faith of the faithful  
Faithful, not because they don't feel fear  
Fear, but still choosing to face forward  
Forward through storms with no guarantee  
Guarantee only in the choice not to break

Break, yet rise again with cracked hands  
Hands that build from broken pieces  
Pieces of dreams stitched with sacrifice  
Sacrifice—the silent song of struggle  
Struggle that reveals a quiet kind of beauty

## **The Loudest Man**

The loudest man fears silence  
Silence that exposes all truths  
Truths he hides behind words  
Words louder than his wisdom  
Wisdom never screams

## **Last night, death got cheated**

Last night, death got cheated.  
Cheated it of life,  
Life I stole from his cold, unkind hands—  
Hands that clung onto my soul,  
Soul that slipped through cracks in his grip.

Grip loosened not by mercy,  
Mercy has never lived in his chest.  
Chest like a cage of winter's breath,  
Breath I fought to keep my own,  
Own will screaming louder than silence.

Silence tried to wrap me whole,  
Whole like a grave with no goodbye.  
Goodbye never left my lips—  
Lips that kissed the edge of the abyss,  
Abyss that blinked... and let me go.

## Love, Fragile as Glass

Love is fragile, like glass  
Glass that shines in the sun's embrace  
Embrace it, and it sparkles—  
Sparkles as if it will last forever

Forever is only a word we use  
Use it to keep the ache at bay  
Bay of memories that flood the heart  
Heart that once beat in perfect rhythm

Rhythm of a dance that can't be repeated  
Repeated in broken steps  
Steps we took with hands held tight  
Tight to the promise that now slips away

Away from us—like glass shattering  
Shattering under the weight of time  
Time that teaches us to let go  
Go, and find pieces we'll never reassemble

## **Faith with Holes**

I walk with faith full of holes  
Holes patched by borrowed hope  
Hope I stitched from broken prayers  
Prayers that echo but don't return

Return becomes a question unanswered  
Unanswered, I still hold the line  
Line between belief and doubt  
Doubt that shadows every miracle

Miracle or myth—I no longer chase  
Chase instead the strength to stand  
Stand even when I shake



## **Wishing Star**

Wishing star,  
Star I whisper my dreams to at night  
Night knows the weight of my hopes  
Hopes hung on flickers in the sky  
Sky that keeps all secrets safe

Safe from the noise of waking life  
Life that often forgets how to dream  
Dream not of gold but of peace  
Peace that comes when hearts are full  
Full not of things, but of wonder

Wonder that keeps the child in me alive  
Alive enough to wish once more  
More than the world says I should want  
Wanting only to be seen, to be heard  
Heard by the star that listens without judgment

## **The Clock Never Sleeps**

The clock never sleeps, only moves  
Moves with no regard for man's desire  
Desire to pause what cannot be held  
Held moments slip like sand through fingers  
Fingers that once shaped futures now tremble

Tremble not from fear but memory  
Memory that plays like broken records  
Records time keeps but never explains  
Explains nothing, yet teaches everything

Everything fades—except the tick  
Tick, tock... the clock never sleeps

## Son of a Gun

Who needs God when he has a gun  
Gun to put down his enemies  
Enemies that dare not cross his path  
Path he walks with his gun get him all  
All he can never ask from a god

God, he says, never answered his cries  
Cries that echoed through chambers of pain  
Pain that made the metal feel like peace  
Peace found only in the silence of fear  
Fear he plants like seeds in the street

Street where his name is whispered in dread  
Dread that follows him like a faithful dog  
Dog of war—he pets it with pride  
Pride that weighs heavier than a soul  
Soul traded for power, fire, and lead—

*Son of a gun, born of the dead.*

## **Fleeting**

Love is a fleeting emotion  
Emotion never to be understood  
Understood under no circumstances  
Circumstances shift like shadows  
Shadows that kiss but never stay

Stay, but not for long  
Long enough to make you hope  
Hope that it might be real  
Real until it isn't anymore  
Anymore, it slips between fingers

Fingers that once traced promises  
Promises whispered into fragile nights  
Nights filled with borrowed warmth  
Warmth that burns when it's gone  
Gone, like it was never here

## Children of the Void

We are the children of the void  
Void left by fathers who never came home  
Home, a word that feels like fiction  
Fiction wrapped around pain we don't speak of

Speak of love and we flinch  
Flinch like it's a fist, not a feeling  
Feeling is dangerous in our parts  
Parts of us learned to survive by not needing

Needing became a weakness  
Weakness became sin  
Sin became the skin we wear  
Wear it like it fits—tight, dark, inherited

Inherited silence  
Silence louder than our songs  
Songs that never reached the sky  
Sky watches but does not answer

Answer what?  
What becomes of a generation born between wars?  
Wars of spirit, wars of soul, wars of meaning  
Meaning lost in glitter and noise

Noise raised us  
Raised us with no lullabies  
Lullabies replaced with survival instincts  
Instincts that keep us breathing, not living

Living is a privilege  
Privilege we don't yet understand  
Understand this—we were born hungry  
Hungry for more than just food  
  
Food we ate from cracked plates  
Plates passed down with curses  
Curses wrapped in proverbs and pride  
Pride that says we're fine even when we're drowning  
  
Drowning in the echo  
Echo of everything we never had

## **Echoes of Silence**

Echoes of silence speak the loudest  
Loudest in rooms filled with quiet stares  
Stares that say more than mouths ever could  
Could it be that silence is the sharpest scream?  
Scream left unscreamed, trapped behind trembling lips

Lips sealed by fear of being misunderstood  
Misunderstood like truth told too soon  
Soon, the silence becomes a language  
Language of those who carry too much  
Much to say, yet say nothing at all

All because the world stopped listening  
Listening not with ears, but with ego  
Ego that drowns the whispers of pain  
Pain, however silent, still finds a way to echo  
Echoes of silence—louder than thunder

## Unholy Saints

They call us sinners  
Sinners who walk with heavy halos  
Halos tilted, stained by smoke and guilt  
Guilt we wear like second skin

Skin marked not by ink  
Ink, but by memories we try to forget  
Forget what we did to survive  
Survive—yes, that’s the holiest thing we know

Know we pray in silence  
Silence louder than sermons on gold pulpits  
Pulpits that never knew the streets we came from  
From nothing we rose, not clean, but real

Real saints bleed and still bless  
Blessed not by rules, but by fire  
Fire we walked through to be here  
Here we stand, unholy but sacred

Sacred in ways they’ll never understand  
Understand us, and you might just find  
Find that heaven got room  
Room for unholy saints like us



*The echoes fade....  
But the heart wanders still.*

## Appreciation

If you've read to this point and enjoyed ***Echoes of a Wandering Heart***, thank you.

If the verses made you feel, think, or even dream—then this heart has wandered well.

And if you're inspired to write your own ***Recursive Rhyme***, I'd love to read it.

You can share it with me at: [adelanavictor20@gmail.com](mailto:adelanavictor20@gmail.com)

Let the echoes continue...

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***Other books coming soon:***

Poetry:

- From The Shadows of a Poet Soul
- Ogún (20)